




Superstars

Wuzzles™

MOOSEL™ WANTS TO FLY





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WALT DISNEY
PRESENTS

Wuzzles

TM

MOOSELTM WANTS TO FLY



Most of the time Moosel was happy as he worked away in his fix-it shop. He was good at fixing things and making things, and the Wuzzles found plenty of jobs for him.



The trouble always started when Moosel thought about flying. All the other Wuzzles could fly, but Moosel's wings were only tiny, and he could not fly.



When Eleroo hopped in to the fix-it shop and pulled a broken kite out of his pouch, Moosel stopped feeling happy.

"We are having a kite flying contest," said Eleroo, as he searched for the kite's string tail.





Eleroo was so busy looking for the kite's tail that he did not see Moosel's face. "The contest is tonight," said Eleroo. "Do you think you could fix it by then?"

Just then, Hoppo came in with her torn kite. "Moosel, whatever is wrong? Why are you crying?"

Moosel mopped his eyes. "Nothing is wrong, I just had a bit of sawdust in my eye."



Hoppo handed Moosel her kite.

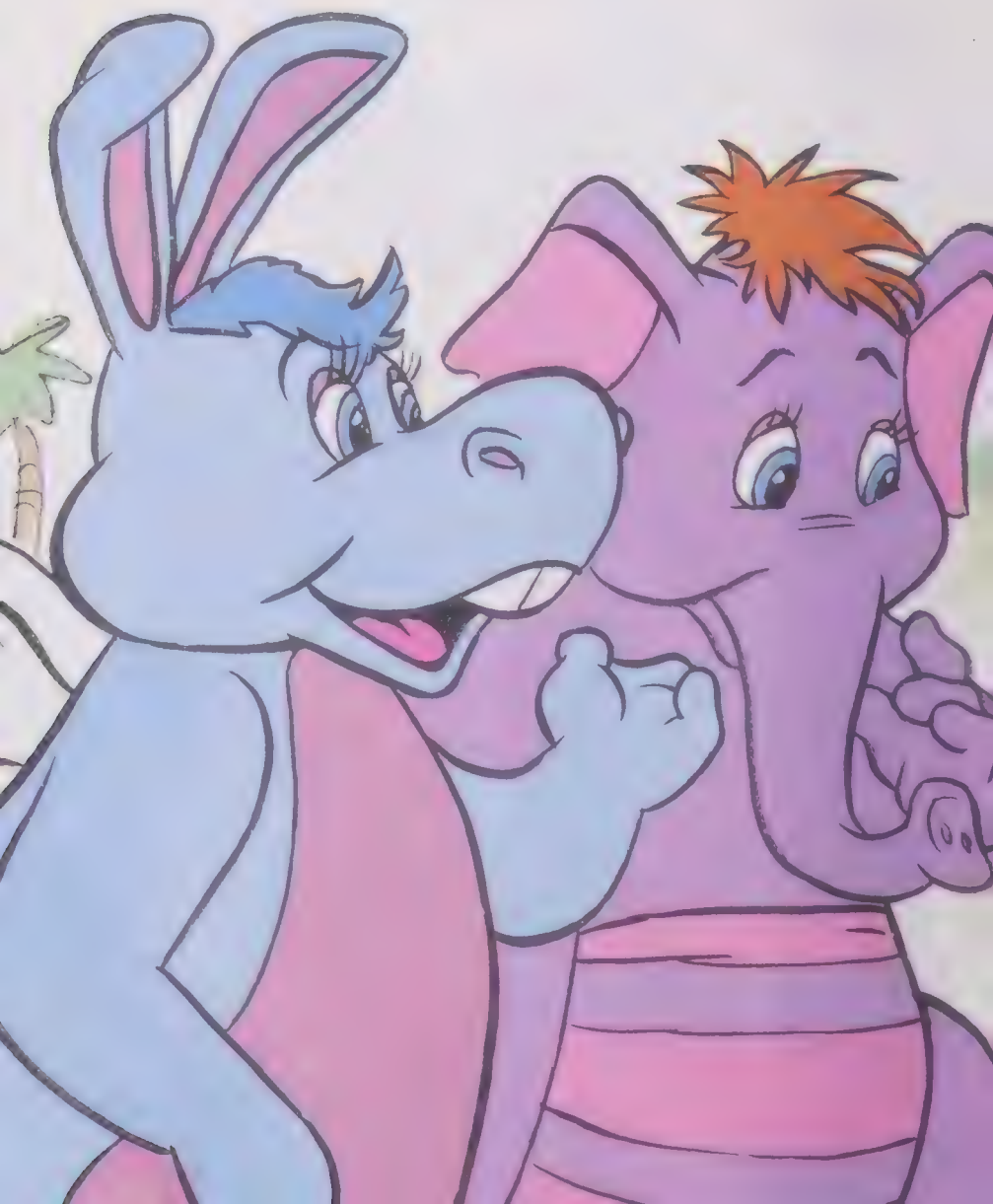
"Can you fix this please, Moosel?"

"I can fix anything," said Moosel, starting to cry again. "I just can't fix my own tiny wings."

"You can have my wings," said Hoppo.



Moosel looked carefully at Hoppo's wings. "I can't have them Hoppo, they won't come off. Never mind, I'll fix your kite and Eleroo's. Come back at half-past four."



On their way home Hoppo and Eleroo met Bumblelion. He was on his way to Moosel's shop to buy some glue.

"Moosel is upset," said Hoppo. "If only we could make him fly he'd be happy again."





Bumblelion went to smell some flowers.

"He is thinking," said Hoppo. "He always smells flowers when he is getting an idea."

"I do hope he can help Moosel," sighed Eleroo.

Suddenly, Bumblelion hurried away.
"Don't worry," he shouted. "Moosel
will fly. I am going to Butterbear's
house, she's got the very thing."



Butterbear was working in her garden when Bumblelion arrived.
"May I look in your shed,
Butterbear?" asked Bumblelion.

"It's open," Butterbear said,
pointing to the shed. "Just go in."





Bumblelion soon found what he wanted; an enormous trug-along. "This flower basket on wheels is just right," he chuckled. "Oh good, here's Hoppo with my kite parts, I forgot them."

Bumblelion asked Hopppo to put the kite parts in the trug-along. Hopppo screamed as a flower snake wriggled out. But it was only Rhinokey playing one of his tricks.



Bumblelion asked Rhinokey if he could borrow something of his, too. While Rhinokey was getting it, Butterbear filled another basket with some very special flowers.



Hoppo had gone round to Eleroo's house. She was helping him to find his spare kites.

"I know I've got a kite collection somewhere," sighed Eleroo, as he moved around piles of this and piles of that.



Rhinokey was struggling to tie something on to the handlebars of his carbike. "Saw slip, see slip, don't slip," he muttered to himself. "Hey, that's a good tongue twister. Saw slip, see slip, slaw sip . . ."





At last, Eleroo had found his kite collection. Hoppo went to fetch two of her old kites and the two Wuzzles hurried to the village green to meet Bumblelion.

Bumblelion was painting white lines on the grass when Eleroo and Hoppo arrived. Butterbear was threading her special flowers through the handle of the trug-along. "Bring the kites over here," she called.



There was a loud clanghooting noise and Rhinokey arrived on his carbike.

"Why has he brought his sawslip?" asked Eleroo.

"You'll soon see," said Bumblelion, as he lifted the sawslip from the handlebars.



Bumblelion had painted a large circle at the end of the white lines. He slid the sawslip off his shoulders and placed it in the centre of the circle.



Hoppo and Eleroo strung the kites all around the trug-along, putting the leftover string into Eleroo's pouch. Rhinokey blew up lots of balloons.





At half-past four, Hoppo brought Moosel to the village green. They sat him in the trug-along, Bumblelion and Butterbear pushed the trug-along down the white lines, into the circle and up the sawslip. Whoosh . . .



Bumblelion's idea had worked. Moosel was flying. Eleroo handed the other Wuzzles the strings from the kites, and Rhinokey tied balloons to some of the strings. "I've made up a rhyme for Moosel!" he shouted.



Rhinokey told the Wuzzles his rhyme
and they all sang it.

“Moosel’s flying, Moosel’s flying!
Pull the kite strings, pull the kite
strings! Fly-fly, fly-fly. Moosel’s
flying. Moosel’s flying!”



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